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MINNEAPOLIS

1857 - 1859



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MINNEAPOLIS

1857-1859



*For My Life
Comrade*

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MINNEAPOLIS
A SHORT REVERSAL OF HUMAN THOUGHT



*Being the Letters
and Diary
of*
Mr. Harlow A. Gale
1857 to 1859 "

*Arranged and Edited
by his wife*



*Printed Privately
For His Grandchildren*

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Foreword

When Mr. John Burroughs came to the summit of years he wrote, "It makes a vast difference whether we see the past as poetry or whether we see it as science."

As I now view life the great need seems to be *Union* of poetry and science. Opposing forces are growing altogether too numerous in a world made for order, beauty and progress. Minnesota's constant North Star, the handiwork of God, is our appointed guide.

Happy the resilient spirit beneath it, who has a friendly greeting for all on the social highway of mortals, and lends grace to the common walks of life.

The letters and diary which follow are the record of the days' or weeks' doings hastily written, and frequently not reread. The letters were written mainly from Minneapolis to Miss Elizabeth C. Griggs, then living in Bristol, Connecticut, one of these years being spent in her father's home,—the other year in the Boarding School of Mrs. Atwater, West Haven, Conn.

Mr. Gale came to Minneapolis from Massachusetts in August, 1856. In May, 1857, his brother, Mr. Samuel C. Gale, arrived and with him four other men to preempt land.

Elizabeth Griggs Gale.

Introductory Ride

MAY 12, 1857. "I bought a pair of horses and provision enough for the party to last them a month; hired a cook, and with guns and ammunition in abundance, we started for the grand prairie, one hundred miles to the west through the Big Woods. I had been through once before earlier in the spring and knew the way; to the others it was wild and new. I can't tell you of our various adventures by flood and field, fording streams, struggles in sloughs, grand drives in the old woods, game in abundance, deer, ducks, and geese, four days through the continuous woods, and on a beautiful May morning we suddenly broke out on the great prairie, reaching away westward to the Missouri river, five hundred miles. Four miles further on, as the sun, the glorious western sun, went down, we drove up to the log hotel of Hutchinson, a town founded by the Hutchinson singers a year ago. Judson and Asa were there and we all had some fine singing.

"The next week we selected our claims surrounding and lying between two beautiful lakes, the largest of which, with an island in it, we modestly named *Gale's Lake. I came in two days since, after more provision and tomorrow I return." And thus, amid these wildly fascinating scenes, the two brothers renewed the close friendship of youth and early manhood, never to be broken.

*This lake in the southern part of Meeker County still bears the name.

May 20. "Four days since I came in from our trip to the Grand Prairie. Tonight I am sadly in doubt what to write next. I have so much to tell you about our exploring

trip, our various adventures by field and flood. I told you, I believe, something of the scheme in my last. There were eight of us and we had a wild, novel time. Stuck in mud, washed off in creeks, washed down with the week's rain, day and night, and no better protection than the poorest kind of a puncheon roof which is just no protection at all after a half hour's rain. Nearly out of provision. Three days on corn meal pudding *plain*; that is, not a thing on it or with it. But we found splendid country, got some excellent claims, had some rare sport fishing and hunting, and came back as rugged and ragged as a Chippewa Indian. A detailed account would be too long for this letter. I sent your father a quill for a pen from a white swan we shot on the lake where we camped—Gale's Lake—the boys called it. You can hardly understand how much I am becoming attached to this beautiful town. Every morning and evening I discover fresh attractions, and when I ride out and approach the town—its rising roofs and towers, the charming openings around it, and the green, fresh prairie reaching away to the south, level for miles as a floor, checked up with cultivated fields, and the unbroken turf stretching away covered with wild flowers of endless variety,—and coming nearer town the exciting music of a thousand plying hammers moves me as I was never moved before and the whole scene so fills me.”

May 25. “Did you know? Now don't think I'm suffering from the western epidemic of inflation,—I'm not. I'm well and calm. I was about to speak of our diurnal drive, not excelled in the world. Minneapolis, 7:00 o'clock A. M.,—team at the door. All ready. Come, Dick, Billy, let's off before it is hot and dusty. Up Helen Street,—stop a moment on the ridge and look hastily at the town reaching up, down, and across the river. The clear, steady dash-

ing of the Falls, the sharp stroke of the hammer, the click of the mason's trowel, and the thousand humming tones of trade and industry come up to us as we sit in our carriage. The quiet, sober cows, with each a bell of different tone, walk demurely by to their daily pasturage on the fresh prairie. Off we go on the road to Lake Calhoun and Harriet, through the beautiful oak groves where the dew hangs heavy on the leaves, and then we're out on the smooth prairie; not a stone or a bush, never a plow and shovel on the road; so level, and the morning so exhilarating! Up, Billy, on past the farmhouses, and the fragrant, checkered fields of grain, sweep off to the right. Ho, ho, isn't it glorious? What a road, what an air, and what a country! Oh, what's this? Water! Drive down through those fine, old oaks. What a charming little lake resting in here, wooded on the other shore, but the smooth prairie on this side reaching away down thirty miles to the Minnesota River. Drive down along its shore,—hard, pebbly beach; get out and gather some of these fine specimen of cornelian stones. Five miles from Minneapolis; let's drive on this elevation. What a nest of lakes! Lake of the Isles to the right, Cedar just beyond to the left. Nearly circular in form is Lake Harriet, the water clear and limpid and abounding with fish,—but we haven't time for that today. Now southeast four miles,—the gentle, rolling prairie, the dark green cornfields, the fast-ripening oats and wheat by them all. The road isn't fenced; we may drive where we please, only avoiding the cultivated fields. You see that New England-looking farmhouse and barn? Sure enough! 'tis a New England man lives there; he came in the territory ten years ago from New Hampshire; not ten white women in the whole territory; married an Indian squaw, and has a dozen black-eyed, brown-cheeked children.

"Another mile, we come to a fine creek, the outlet of Minnetonka—Minne, Sioux, for water,—tonka, large, big,—Big Water. Cross the bridge, turn sharp to the left, drive not more than a hundred feet and you suddenly lose sight of the stream; it ripples along nearly level with its banks and drops perpendicularly one hundred feet. We get a little excited. This is the spot where Hiawatha met and loved the beautiful Minnehaha. We are on classic ground.

'From the waterfall he named her
Minnehaha—Laughing Water.'

'Tis the most finished, symmetrical waterfall in the United States, if not in the world. We go down to its base, and the men, and perhaps some adventurous lady, venture under and back of the falling crystal sheet, gather some polished pebbles as a memento, and away down the river to the Fort, Fort Snelling. And then (see Mitchell's map), what a glorious prospect! Here we stand two hundred feet above the water at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers. We look; but we don't talk much, and I can't. We wind down the bluff, across the river, by the old swing ferry, clamber up again and off down the Mississippi River on its eastern shore. Six miles to St. Paul in season for dinner, but don't forget to stop a half hour at Franklin Cave. Lights, and a guide, we go down a plank walk, follow up a little streamlet and plunge into what looks like a railroad tunnel. Dark now—chilly, isn't it? This little stream makes it damp. We crook our way along single file some 25 rods, come into a large vault-like, or chamber—trace our names with lamp smoke on the walls of sandstone, wonder at the strange formation, and wish we'd now more time to go further. The keeper, an intelligent lad,—as we remark, "His business and manner have a Yankee look," says he "thinks likely," for he came from Lowell, Mass.

"Down two and one-half miles to dinner at Fuller House, St. Paul; wait till the heat of midday is over, and back by the direct road 9 miles to Minneapolis. We come over the high roll back of St. Anthony just at sunset and get another fine view of the Twin Towns rising by the river; cross the lower bridge, stop midway,—here we have the best complete view of the Falls. Above, where the current is still and deep, the sun gilds the water with its golden light, and, like a molten stream, it glides down to the rapids, breaks into silver ripples, dashes in columns of foam down to the rocks and comes fretted and exhausted down towards us, growing more quiet as it approaches. But I must not scribble on in this manner. I fear it won't interest you and why should I write it? But you little suspect how much I am attached to my western home, and when attempting to write my eastern friends I involuntarily find myself falling into a detailed description of something in or about our embryo city."

June 5. "The growth of this town is perfectly marvelous."

June 6. "I believe I was talking of Minneapolis. I think the number of buildings has doubled since March. They average more than one a day. 'Tis exciting, I assure you. I don't know as you care about all this but it will help you to form some opinion of where I live. There are two Hotels going up, one 100 by 120 feet; the other, 100 by 166; three churches; schoolhouses and dwellings daily and nightly. Oh, we have a beautiful town! You may judge further of our attractions when I tell you that my brothers, Amory and S. C., are here, and today S. C. sent for his books and clothes. This will surprise Millbury friends, who think I am among Indians and wolves and a fit residence only for either a culprit or cannibal. S. C. is charmed with the place,

and, sub rosa, we are making arrangements to go into partnership. In my wildest dreams I never expected all this so soon. Nearly all the family are out here now ; but you know Joseph, though the youngest, led his brethren down into Egypt. I only hope I shall not get them into as much difficulty as he did his family ; and certainly, that it will not leave the descendents of my brethren in so dire a bondage as his."

Soon after S. C.'s arrival a quartet was formed of the two Gales, Mr. C. M. Cushman, who roomed in the same office, and Mr. Joseph Clark.

July 4. "What I did? S. C. was here and unacquainted, so I invited no lady as other young men in town did, but invited S. C., and C. M. Cushman, brother of Mr. Joseph, of the firm of Cushman and Woods, and Mr. George H. Woods. Five or six hundred took a steamboat ride down the river and as many more had a picnic out five miles back of town on a cluster of lakes. About nine o'clock I harnessed up Dick and Billy, the gentlemen furnished a dinner, and away we whirled over the prairie out to Lake Calhoun, —a very pretty sheet of water half surrounded with woods. We took possession of a large oak near the lake, kept quiet and cool, ate our dinner, sang, took a nap, and joined the rest of the company. Speeches and social intercourse for an hour, and away we went four miles, a delightful ride to Fort Snelling, at the mouth of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers ; then home by way of Minnehaha Falls. The waters never laughed with more glee than now, but 'tis nearly dark and we sweep on up the river, catch the roar of the Falls of St. Anthony, with an occasional rocket shooting up, premonitory symptoms of the general display in the evening. Put up the blacks and go to see the fireworks ; moderate in quan-

tity and still more in quality ; but it shows our good will and patriotism."

July 10. "It has been a rainy, sober day in Minneapolis, and Woodman's Block has been unusually quiet. 'Tis so seldom we have an entire day of storm that everyone seems to have been kept indoors by it. No service in any of the churches this morning. Then we of this corner have been saddened and oppressed by an accident that occurred last eve. A man from up the river, badly intoxicated, in trying to go up the stairs to the hall in the third story, fell backwards and, striking his head on the stone threshold, broke his neck and fractured his skull. His remains left town this evening for his home at Monticello. He has a wife and six children. The cold corpse at the door will be the first tidings of their terrible bereavement. This is the first death from accident in the place and you can understand why men look serious as they pass Woodman's Block."

September 20. "I have just come down from the evening service (the Congregational church worship for the present in the Hall above our office), to write. This morning the new Methodist church was dedicated. The sermon, collection, and subscriptions kept us cooped up in the choir seats by the pulpit until long after dinner time. . . .

"Of especial town news I don't know of anything talked of, thought of, or dreamed of except the hard times and politics. We vote on our State constitution and officers under it in three weeks. Woodman's Hall in our block is the best in either town, so we have plenty of talk and applause of all kinds, hands and yells and too often all combined ; but we feel so deeply in the cause that we catch the fervor and "pitch in" (western), with the others. Your humble servant has frequent opportunities to speak to his "dear fellow citizens," etc. . . .

"I have a host of things to tell you of our pigeon hunting; killed two hundred. Great sport and a great amount of fun in it. S. C., you know, is nearsighted so he was obliged to keep his eyeglasses on to see them. Well, in the excitement of pursuit, he lost his glasses in a bog hole and couldn't find them so on he went without. Alas, for human eyesight and foresight! Everything he saw flying for the remainder of the day was a pigeon to him and he fired at it. Such a collection of American birds as he had would have delighted Audubon and thrown Agassiz into ecstasies. You know what an earnest manner he has and you can imagine him blazing away at sparrows, blackbirds, etc.,—and we accused him of firing at a large swarm of mosquitoes but he stoutly denies it. We try a day with prairie chicken soon, large as hens and we find them in large flocks—fine shooting and finer eating."

Arrangements were finally concluded for a journey east.

November 2. "I shall not have any special regrets when fairly afloat on the Mississippi River, down, down, four hundred miles and then, with a dash and a whirl, away we go on to the shores of the Atlantic."

November 9. Steamer Northern Bell. "Premonitory symptoms of a Minnesota winter, and 'tis a pleasant thought that I am keeping the birds company. Large flocks are passing us hourly down to the lower Mississippi and rice marshes of Arkansas, and the snow-white gulls are skimming along up, following the snows in the grand northern march; for you must know that we do not have snow in November ordinarily; not till some days later than Chicago."

November 10. 10 o'clock A. M. Lake Pepin. "Just at daybreak we passed Maiden's Rock. You remember the legend, don't you? 'Tis a perpendicular cliff some four hundred feet high, rising abruptly from the lake. 'Twas

crowned with a crust of snow and the flash of daybreak gave it a mellow tinge that seemed like the smile of the great spirit hallowing the spot so sacred to the Dakotas."

Eleven o'clock Wednesday evening. "A gay time on board since tea. A company of negro minstrels—genuine blacks—none of your base New England imitations—fine music—four pieces—good singers, most of their tunes being new and of the pure exclusive negro school. I laughed and so did everybody. Then the dancing began in the middle of the cabin; about one hundred passengers. Hope to reach Dunleith early Thursday morn and Millbury by Saturday."

Arrived in Millbury November 4, 1857, having left his Massachusetts home August, 1856. The winter was filled visiting kindred and friends, attending concerts and lectures, running down to New York to attend a reunion of Union College classmates, while more or less business interests occupied these months.

November 21. "S. C. is acquainted with your preceptress, who attended the Brattleboro school when he did. He was invited over to West Haven when in Yale, so we can imagine your surroundings."

December 10. "Then you are reading Goldsmith, who
'Wrote like an angel

And talked like poor Poll.'

Speaking of Goldsmith, when I first read *The Vicar of Wakefield* several years ago, as *you* say, I was disappointed and surprised too, disappointed in my expectations formed entirely, of course, from the frequent reference and flattering opinions of later and greater writers. I was surprised at my own dullness, or incorrect reading of the book. Lately, reading his life and works and a review of them, I find my disappointment was from my false expectations. That the book was not great from a startling plot and thrilling devel-

opment, or from its fine writing of the setting sun, the western hills, tree-tops, sands of life, solitary horsemen, manly brow, foaming steed, gushing springs, mountain-side, shades of night, lost maiden, eyes to heaven, lovely vision, *veni, vidi, married*-school of writers, but from its simple, direct, unaffected style told with all the quiet simplicity and sincerity of a humble vicar; and it is more remarkable for such a book to have been written at the time he wrote and by such a man. . . . Do you read his plays? Read them, and tell me what you think of them."

February 2, 1858. "Allow me to mildly differ from your roommate in her idea of the intensity of the words "obliged" and "thanks." One may be obliged,—and we all often feel obligated to persons towards whom we do not exercise any gratitude. To feel truly thankful we must also feel our obligations for favors received; but we may feel those obligations and go no further; not reaching and inducing that higher emotion of thankfulness. What do you say?

"Amos and I went in to Worcester and heard Rufus Choate read his lecture on Burr and Hamilton. It was Choatey in the extreme. I will tell you later of its peculiar power. Last week went in to Worcester and heard James Russell Lowell lecture. . . .

"Adam went out of Eden, Moses out of Egypt, Eneas fled from burning Troy, the Pilgrims from Delfhaven, and Mary Brown has gone to Baltimore;—alike memorable epochs in the world's history. You can well imagine but poorly tell the sensation it has made in the community. Susie T. has gone to Boston with her tossing head and dimes. . . . I have been invited to speak on the resources and attractions of Minnesota,—I may before I leave."

March 11, 1858. "Mild spring weather and the blue-birds have been with us several days. This warm sunshine

and these birds and bare fields remind me of my western home by the Father of Waters. I must be off; spring opens the currents of business and all forms of activity freshen up with the freshening grass. It tells me that I should be on the ground marching to the music of our stirring industry."

Returning west, April, 1858;

Hudson River, Steamer Scudder. Twenty-five miles up the Hudson; eight o'clock Saturday evening. It's dark and chilly on the aftdeck, and I come in the gentlemen's cabin to write you a few hasty lines. The imperfect light and the tremulous motion of the boat give an aquatic uncertainty to my pen. Your brother has probably told you how we spent the morning in Hartford. . . . I arrived in New York about five, asked and found my friend Charlie W. awaiting me. We had a cordial greeting. He drove me to his boarding house. We passed the hour before tea in talking of classmates, our western experience and our plans and business. After tea we visited the Niblos; the Ravils in pantomime;—not particularly interesting, and we left early. Called at Taylor's on our way back. Charlie thought I was getting sleepy, wonderfully early for me. I told him I did not have my usual rest the night before, so we went up and I was sound asleep by eleven. This morning we went over to Brooklin and heard Henry Ward Beecher. We were early but the church was filled and many were standing. By dint of pushing and coaxing the usher and the use of Charlie's umbrella we at last secured comfortable seats in the gallery. They kept pouring in till every square inch of the church, aisles, and pulpit was crowded. At least 2,500 or 3,000, I should think. The opening exercises were ordinary except the grand congregational singing,—the vast assembly rising and swelling out the good old church tunes, nearly drowning the

organ, and filling the entire room with the deep, firm chorus of 2,000 voices. While the collection was being taken, Mr. Beecher read the names of 192 persons to be admitted to the church next Sabbath; some by letter, among them H. B. Stowe, his sister, and the rest by public profession. Eleven of them were to be immersed, several to be admitted by letter were from Baptist churches. Mr. Beecher said he was a Baptist in everything but close communion. It took a long time to read the names and when about half through he said to the audience, 'Be patient. Bless the Lord that it takes so long.' His sermon was not written and was not remarkable,—from some peculiar personal views on the divine character of Christ, and on grieving away the Holy Spirit and being beyond the reach of salvation,—I can believe,—I do believe. As he spoke I wished I could hear him more. I don't know but other ministers believe as he does, but they certainly do not explain their belief as he does. It was just what I was talking to you of the other night, I could not help feeling were true, but I never heard a minister nor anyone agree with me before. His remarks and the occasion I shall not soon forget. The vast assembly, the rapt attention, those 192 names at one addition—a small army, as he said,—the grand chorus singing, the whole filled me completely. I saw the old white-haired father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, in the audience. . . .

"We are passing the Highlands. I have been out a half-hour on deck and we have been gliding up by St. Anthony's Nose, Donderberg Mountain, and now, as I come up, we are just against Sugar Loaf. . . . We are passing West Point. All come up."

Three days later. "We reached the Suspension Bridge at 2:00 P. M. and as the train through the Canadas did not start before 12:00 that night we improved the hours

and delay and daylight in seeing the sights. The gigantic grace of that marvelous bridge and the terrific grandeur of that most sublime cataract on earth,—’tis simply foolish for me to say more of it. In the dusk of the evening F. and I walked slowly over to Lundy’s Lane battleground. A village has sprung up where the artillery came up and opened its puny thunder within sound of that mighty booming of waters, and a church and school house occupy the place where the gallant Scott made his brilliant charge of infantry and won his first laurels. We needed daylight and a guide to form a correct idea of the plan of the battle. I do not know as you care to have me speak of these things, but I have a habit of writing of affairs as they meet me or I them. At 12:00 midnight we were off on the great western railroad on through the Canadas. A long, crowded train and as glorious a moon to make a man homesick as ever shone. Our trip thenceforward has been rather eventless, through all kinds of country, all kinds of people, their daylight and moonlight, we have been steaming, plunging, scuttling on our western course. But it is a strange thing to ride all night by a bright moon, to be wakened suddenly in the later hours of the night, starting up in your seat and wondering for a moment where you are.

“Such a queer spectacle the inside view presents! An old stager snoring like a donkey with the influenza,—the strange contortions and distortions for rest: a plain middle-aged woman with an old-looking babe in her lap;—the woman has dropped off one side, her bonnet badly smashed, her mouth widely open, while her babe hangs across her lap like a raw doughnut on a fork. A big fat woman and a slight, frail, rickety-looking man (wife and husband, probably), occupy a seat in front of me;—man sits next the window, tired and sleepy, dangling up and tipping over in

all directions, and now and then makes a plunge plump into his wife's capacious lap;—she, though unconscious to everything else, *won't* have him leaning on her, so she seizes him all wilted as he is, and tries to brace him up in the corner; the poor man, discouraged and repelled in all other directions, subsides vertically and meeting with little opposition in that direction, drops and sinks till I lose sight of him behind the seat back. Soon the fat woman, now fairly under way, begins to vibrate, swinging slowly from side to side, and, at last, comes down in a crushing mass on the little unresisting heap of her husband in the corner. There is a smothered murmur, a half whispered groan, and all is quiet; you shiver a little and wonder what the morning will reveal. A stout young fellow dove into his stout friend who has thrown his head and arms over him like a huge frog caught under a stone. Adventurous young man has contrived to seat himself with an inexperienced young lady; both seem to be asleep,—position confiding,—affairs tender All so silent and hushed save the whirl and dash of the train, the sharp click of the car-wheels, and the sudden, abrupt signal whistle to the brakeman. Then the outside view;—the strange, weird, effects of the flitting, chasing, shadows. The moon is strangely bright, and such a singular silence seems to brood over our way, as we whirl on through field and wood and waste; the odd freaks and the shadows of the trees, rocks, hills, and the wreathing, vomiting smoke and steam all combined make a spectacle if seen by St. John, Dante, or Milton would make effective material for an epic vision.

“Yesterday when I was getting off the cars at Freeport for refreshment I met face to face W. D. Washburn, an old friend and a splendid fellow from Minneapolis. He is a younger brother of the Congress Washburn. I was heartily glad to see him. He introduced me to Honorable Mr. Cad-

wallader Washburn, member of the last Congress, and we have had a fine trip of it since. The Congressman, like Washburn, is a genial, companionable man. I like him. I am glad of this opportunity to make his acquaintance. His anecdotes and incidents of the exciting scenes of the last session, of the men I have read about but seldom heard described,—all of this interests me.”

The next day. “This morning before the boat started from Dubuque we walked back of the town, out on the perpendicular rock that overlooks the town; the river for miles up and down, and the city of Dubuque across the river,—and while we were sitting on the cliff, the ferry-boat came over. It had a large painting on it of an Indian maiden handing some lead ore to a full-dressed officer. Mr. W. laughed at the crudeness of the painting and inquired what it meant. I told him the touching story, tradition though it is, of Peasta and General Dubuque, a French officer, who first visited what is now the site of the city, named from him away back in 1700; saw Peasta, the Sioux maiden, loved her, remained with her tribe, discovered the lead mines of the vicinity, was killed by an Indian, was carried across the river alone by Peasta in her canoe, who set her boat adrift, toiled with the dead body of her white lover, around and up to the highest point of the bluff. With her loving, tender hands and polished knife she made him a grave and buried him there; then, with the keen blade wet the grave with her blood and, running to the abrupt cliff on which we sat, threw herself to swift death on the rocks below. We walked slowly up to the supposed site of his grave and found a few, little, wild violets. Mr. C. W. went directly to the boat, wrote the story and sent some of the flowers to his wife.

"While I have been writing this,—by the way, it is evening now,—Mr. Washburn came along and sat down by me, and as he has several times before spoken about it, remarked that he presumed I was to bring on a lady with me this spring, etc., and finally inquired of me what time of year I thought preferable for introducing a lady to Minnesota. I quietly suggested the autumn. So he talked on of the pleasant young married people in Minneapolis and finally bade me good night and went into his stateroom. . . . The bell and whistle announce LaCrosse; 'tis 10 o'clock. Our Highlander with his bag-pipe is piping away on the fore-deck; more of him tomorrow."

Saturday morning, 7:30 o'clock. "Lake Pepin and bag-piper. . . .

"We were up early this morning to see Lake Pepin. W. D. Washburn, his brother and myself have been up to the hurricane deck most of the time. 'Tis cloudy and cold and all are wishing it was only warmer, and we had a genial sunshine to enjoy the glorious views as we pass up the Lake. The tradition of Maiden's Rock I leave for another time."

Sunday morning: "Ten o'clock. Just left Red Wing and shook Mr. C. Washburn by the hand. He stops here today and comes up to Minneapolis next week. Last night F. and I paced the deck together. The fires were burning up among the bluffs as we passed. The swift, gliding boat, the dark, deep reach of the water, the moon struggling up among the clouds, the distant cry of the loon and the shrill tones of the bag-pipe on the lower deck,—all novel and wild to us. Our bag-pipe friend is getting decidedly tedious. The Captain found him yesterday morning among the strange passengers. A rival boat, the Key City, has a company of negro waiters that embrace a very good band, and they play as they approach the principal towns so our Cap-

tain, as a burlesque, has hired this fellow to dress himself in his Highland full dress, places him on the forward deck, and as we get within hearing distance of a landing he tunes up, and there he stands in full view and places his pipers to a full scream till we are off; and, really, he looks fine in his flashy plaids, streaming colors, and full dress of the Highland Scot. But the music is all about the same thing. I see no change of time or pitch for 'Bonnie Doone,' 'Ray's Wife,' or 'Scots Wee Ha.' We expect to reach St. Paul by 3:00 P. M., and Minneapolis by tea-time.

"P. S. Did not mail this at St. Paul as the stage was at the levee. . . . Crossed Suspension Bridge about 5:00 o'clock and I was busy till bed time shaking friends by the hand and answering questions."

Two places of interest for the small town were the Suspension Bridge and the Falls of St. Anthony. A walk was often taken to one or the other at the close of day in order to enjoy the rare scene;—and in summer Nicollet Island was used as a meeting place for large assemblages.

May, 1858. "Busy weeks followed the return from the east; among other things, selecting furniture and moving into the new office."

May 9, 1858. "Last week Mendenhall, the banker, was married and we, (I tell you we have some grand singing,—S. C., Charles Cushmen, and Jo. Clark), with some twenty of his friends were invited to go up and serenade him. We sang, 'Hail to the Queen,' 'Mariner Loves o'er the Waters,' and 'Stars of the Summer Night,'—all hands invited in,—a fine table of refreshments. Mendenhall introduced his wife and the affair passed off very pleasantly."

May 31. "This is the floral coronation month of our woods and plains. The crops are promising. The foliage

and all forms of vegetation are luxuriant, the prairie is covered with wild flowers, the river runs rippling down in liquid coolness, the days are splendid to live in, the nights are glorious to sleep in, and all together we are in a time fit for a visit from the gods. . . . Card of invitation to the opening of the Nicollet. About twenty of us young men are planning to board there; have separate table by ourselves,—good comradeship and great fun.”

“Last week quite a party of Sioux Indians passed through the town. They had been on a warpath up among the Chippewa; had only two scalps and lost six. Several are badly wounded and all dejected and morose, feathers and war paint in bad condition and, in short, all the indication of having been roughly used in the upper country. . . . These violets lifted their little blue heads up through the clean turf of the primeval prairie within sight and sound of the Falls of St. Anthony,—a place I used to read of and trace out on the imperfect map of my schoolboy period, a place more remote and unknown to my boyish understanding than Japan and Siberia, now.”

June 14. “I did not write you last Monday for we were called into the country to sing at a funeral,”— (a form of service they continued for a number of years). “For the first time in several Sabbaths the day has been clear, calm, and bright, and like all sunshine has brought out new people, new bonnets, and new smiles from the faces under them. Before we left the office for church this morning a company of some 200 United States troops and a long line of baggage wagons filed past on their way from Fort Snelling to Fort Ripley, 100 miles up the river; an odd sight for a quiet Sabbath morn but they take today because the roads are not obstructed by other kinds of travel much. The past week has brought several failures in town and a great

number of long faces. Many feel that times will not improve before next spring; others think that September will bring us relief. 'Tis useless to disguise that we are in a bad condition. We have no banks and there is but little money coming in, and, indeed, we are living almost without it. 'Tis almost impossible to collect a cent, and no one *can* pay till we either have local banks or money from abroad. Though, for all this, we can live, and when we do start again I had rather be here than any other place on earth. It may change our plans. I don't care a fig for the money; I never expect to be rich,—I can live and enjoy myself. . . .

“Oh, what a miserable sermon we had this afternoon! A stranger preached. He ought to be laughed out of the pulpit! Don't you hope the greatest enterprise man ever undertook will succeed?—the oceanic telegraph. I fear the next news.”

June 15. “Had an anti-slavery meeting on Island, S. C. spoke. If published, I'll send it to you. I thought it very good. I'm going to keep a daily journal and send it to you. weekly.

“The past week eventful in two things. Grand opening of the Nicollet, and an Indian fight. (Let me inclose a bill of fare of the opening supper. You see we have something good to eat if we *are* 2,000 miles from Connecticut. (Mr. Gale was toastmaster.)

“To return to the Indian fight.

“The newspapers will make a great battle. Terrible slaughter, county in arms, troops called out, and all that kind of sensational humbug. I wrote you of a small war-party passing through here in my last. They were Sioux. They had been up and killed three or four Chippewas, and last week Thursday the Chippewas came down 150 strong and retaliated. The fight was at Shakopee, about 20 miles

from here on the Minnesota River. I have seen and conversed with several who were on the ground. They give very amusing accounts of the engagement, and,—I send you the newspaper report. They have a skillful way of making the most of an affair that not half the people in town know of till they see it in the paper and those who knew of it did not care for it. I saw the wounded spoken of, on the boat. Now this will seem to you, read by the light of New England candles, and read with New England eyes, to be quite dreadful, but 'tis no more here than a good, big fire or an average railroad accident with you. . . . Then you have been thinking? Let me say with Sancho Panza, 'Blessings on the man that invented thought.' I, too, have been thinking:—how will you like it here?"

The great financial depression of the eastern States finally reached the west in full force.

June 19. "Business is not as brisk as last year at this time. Money is scarce and retrenchment is the order of things. But we manage to maintain our equilibrium and equanimity, and the freshening up of spring, and the coming of passage birds and flowers, and the May sunshine, enlarges a man's heart and sympathies. . . . I have a curiosity to know what G. writes of this country. He does not tell me and I shall not ask him. Does he take the snake-and-toad-view, or the glorious-west, dashing-waters-and-wild-flowers view? Tell me. He is easily depressed and disheartened and that will never do for a young man 'out west.' Heaven only knows where I should have been if I had not inherited some of my good mother's extraordinary hope! S. C. sits across the table—sends his regards. He is a good brother to me."

June 23. "We have had a splendid day for flies and bumblebees, but too much perspiration for pleasure of mor-

tals ; and yet, for all the searching sun and oppressive heat, I have been to four services. This morning to the Baptist, where Amory read his resignation to take effect next Sabbath, when he will enter upon his new appointment." (Mr. Amory Gale became State Missionary of the Baptist denomination, which office he held for sixteen years. He then was able to fulfill his dream of mature life,—a journey to the land of the divine Master he served so well. Stricken near Joppa, he was laid to rest in the little cemetery of that ancient city of the East.) "This morn heard Mr. McCloud of the Cong. At six this evening several of us went over to Nicolle Island. An ex-F. W. Baptist named Ames, a man of excellent heart, great purity of life and honesty of purpose, rather liberal in his religion, preached. This is the second time. A beautiful spot on the east side of the Island and sloping down to the water's edge. A fresh, green turf and scattering oaks ; nearly fifteen hundred people present, orderly and attentive. The orthodox clergy refused to read notice of the meeting for which I blame them. Seats only for ladies. I should think there were 300 of them on the seats, besides many sitting in carriages around. I enclose somewhat mutilated copy of two hymns that were distributed through the crowd and sung with good effect ; that last one,—isn't it fine ? And sung at such a time, in such a place, the rich, mellow light of our sunset glowing through the trees, the up-turned faces of those hundreds of men and women, the freshness of the vegetation and foliage, the hushed quiet of the winds and water sweeping along the shore and only the murmur of the falls below us heard between the verses. I shall go over again. I do not know that he is *all* right, but I do feel that much he says is true."

June 27. "The great question now is how we can spend the Fourth of July ? What can we do worthy of the

day and expressive of our intense patriotism? Times are so hard we can't buy gun-powder, squibbs, or crackers, and whoever heard of a suitable celebration without those explosives to do the heavy business of snapping and fizzling the whole town into a headache? I am heartily glad you took and felt so much interest in those games. That suits me. It's human and humanizing. It quickens the blood and sharpens the sensibilities. Good for the Bristol boys and still better for the Bristol girls to encourage them. May the boys always go in to win and may all the girls be deservedly won! We went out and looked at the Comet. Came down and looked at the Methodist church and a temperance lecturer."

The hard times continued. Mr. Gale became temporary Deputy Clerk of the Court. There were now three lines of action opened; the business office, politics and law; a song might rise from either, though differing in key and tone. It was the springtime of music.

June 30. "The sun has at length gone down to the great relief of the citizens of the town, for it has been unusually warm today,—100 in the shade at noon. The people are luxuriating in the refreshing cool of the early eve, sitting in doorways, strolling in the street, and drinking soda water. We would either walk down on Suspension Bridge that I have spoken of so often to you, and that I love so much at this hour, or we'd ride down the Prairie so fresh with the odors of flowers and grains. We have a gorgeous (if it can be), bouquet on our center table. It is as large—well, as big as your head and a foot and a half high—over forty kinds of flowers. 'Tis from our friend's, Dr. Ames, garden."

July 1. "It is half-past nine and a most glorious Tuesday night. The moon is so very bright, and yet, at this

hour a strong glow of daylight lingers in the west. S. C. and I remarked it as we came up just now from the river, where we have been to bathe. When I was a lad I had no more thought of, and sooner expected to bathe in the Euphrates or Ganges, than in this Mississippi River. S. C. and I have a nice quiet place where we drop down these warm nights after daylight has waned, and be assured it is a great luxury. One of the unfortunate restraints of our civilization is that we have no public baths or general custom for ladies to have as fine use of our rivers and ponds as the gentlemen. To be sure, you can go to Newport or some other watering place, but what is the formal, restrained, dress-up walking-in, to the wild, free plunge, the primitive, Adamic, abandoned 'pitching in' of us fellows. Ah, you don't know what is to go in swimming! Yesterday down to the Fort to see a man. Soldiers all left. Rode into and around the Fort. Old, rickety buildings, worn-out and used-up wagons, cannons and general war outfit for an old frontier fort. This was built in 1820. Got back about tea-time and found a boat up with a Tillbury (light chaise) on board. (I got it of Mt. P. in Millbury last winter)—put it together and took it up-street, but so many wanted to look at it and buy it I did not get home till about ten o'clock. 'Tis a beautiful, tasty thing; nothing like it here. So many want to buy it I'm afraid I shall let it go. If I do I'll have another some day. I have ridden nearly fifty miles today. Been out to McCloud's old Indian post on the Minnesota river. Took dinner at Gibson's, who is known for his hospitality and handsome daughters. Had Deputy Sheriff with me; papers to serve and collections to make in that section. . . . Excuse this,—I have run it down on the run."

July 4. "Preparations for an anniversary day. A rejoicing people, a clear, sapphire sky, a gentle, cooling motion in the air, and all the elements seem to be peacefully satisfied and smile approvingly on the noisy and jubilant exaltations of men. Thirty-two guns at sunrise, the last a big one for the last and noblest state in promise—Minnesota. I feel moderately patriotic, but I do dislike the infernal explosions of gun-powder, the head-cracking cannon, the ear-piercing gun, and the irritating crack fizzle, whang of the fire-crackers. There they go! A whole hatfull of them right under my window, and I see they have planted a frightful little brass cannon right across the street, and for all day practice I fear. Shades of Waterloo and Bunker Hill! Protect me from these belligerent demonstrations, from congestion of the brain and all other ills of the battle field! Great preparations are being made on Nicollet Island. Tables for five thousand, dozen of oxen, tons of cakes and pies, folios of July 4th speeches, American Eagle served up in thirty-two different styles,—hot, cold, living, dead, with feathers, and without, flying and sitting on a tree, the spread-eagle and the calm, domestic bird. Some dust and a great amount of perspiration. All this I see in the near distance. The forces are arranging their men and women. The engagement will commence about 12:00 M. I am calm as yet and write you with great composure for a man just on the eve of he-don't-know-what. From our new office window I look down on the gathering masses in the street;—three pigs, one cow, an Irish wash-woman with a large bundle of clothes under her arm and a pail of water on her head, five malicious boys, and the spiteful, snapping little cannon above named, a man leading a lame horse, and a big dog barking at the corner of Hennepin and Second Street. Three cheers for North America,—and you and I!

One cheer for S. C., who has just got up! And another loud one and a tiger for my wash-woman, who has come in at the last moment with my clean clothes! Washer-woman, all hail to thee, as thou advanceth with thy regal step, the light of Erin in thine eye, and my clean shirt in thine hand! I hear steps on the stairway: How, now? Who comes? 'Gale up there?' 'Yes.' 'Come forth!' I come—to breakfast first, and then,—and then—Ah, who can tell the chances in store; the riot, the roar of this day's work? With white pants, white vest, grey coat, and white planters hat, I grasp the duties of the day and venture forth."

July 5th. "The Glorious Fourth is over. All I can say of it with these meager means of expression, is, that at least nine thousand people, half women, gathered on the Island. They came from the towns and the country. All sorts of teams and all sorts of dress, from every nation, too,—Irish, Dutch, Swedes, Norwegians, and so on to Liberia. Music, guns, sports, and routes. The free dinner was about half enough for the women. 'Twas the largest assembly of the masses that has ever occurred in Minnesota. After the exercises there on Nicollet, quite a party of Minneapolitans took a ride around by the lakes and falls. S. C. and I did not hardly know who and did not care to invite anybody."

July 23. "Lately I have taken to a quill. I find I can write faster and time is a great object at present; for some foolish fellow has told us that 'time is money' and, as we haven't any of the latter, we are saving what we can of the former.

"You think there is grandeur about a thunder storm? Good for you! You will have entertainment enough in this thunder land. We have the biggest pumpkins, the tallest corn, and the loudest thunder of any state in the Union. Last Sabbath morn we had a terrific thunderstorm.

M. (quite deaf) told me she had never heard it thunder before. But honestly, I'm glad you don't feel it your duty to be frightened at every flash of lightning. A summer thunder-shower I do think the most glorious spectacle in the natural world. The description you speak of in 'Child Harold' is the best in the English language, as indeed, whatever Byron attempted he executed better than most other men, except it was to live a decent life. While he wrote like something above human, he lived so far beneath! What a dreadful tale of newspaper madness you had been reading last Saturday. Don't indulge in such strong reading. Do you actually believe any healthy, well-tempered woman ever went mad from disappointment? I doubt it. I have seen men that were wrecked, but I have never seen a woman. You read the newspapers? The Springfield Republican and New York Tribune, don't you? I don't think most ladies read the newspapers enough. I don't mean the story ones, but the first class papers as above. If you see the semi-weekly Tribune of July 13, read a letter from Boston signed Byles, and the editorial, 'Keit, on Calhoun,' and tell me what you think of them; also Rufus Choat's great oration on the 'Fourth of July' in Boston. A. G. is reading a Tribune at my left. He will remain a week longer. They are all of them extremely pleased with the town and the city and show their good sense and taste in the expression of such an opinion."

August 7. "Day before yesterday when the news reached here by the 11:00 o'clock stage of the Queen's message having been received, the Daily News issued a slip announcing the fact, and suggesting that all the bells ring a peal at 3:00 o'clock. So, at 3:00 every bell in town, church school, and shop rang out in chorus for the great news. We sat on the courthouse steps, listening to the ringing of the bells

and then returned to a divorce case which came in the office yesterday. They have a demonstration at St. Paul and we are invited down. I don't know who will go. I wish I was nearer the seashore. I long to make an offering to the ocean. The whole American nation should come down to the Atlantic beach, and, at a concerted electric signal, all men, women and children and old age should fall on their knees, and, raising their eyes to heaven, reaching their hands towards the sea, shout in a united voice,—that sanctified fitting praise of, Glory to God in the highest, on earth Peace and Good Will to men. But don't you think the messages are rather tame—especially the Queen's? It has a kind of insipid taste to it. They ought to have said something as memorable as the occasion. . . . Tonight our quartet meets."

August 10, 9 o'clock P. M. "S. C. came down to brother A.'s after tea and for the past hour we have enjoyed a good, quiet talk sitting on the little piazza. We opened on the success of laying the Atlantic cable and this led to remarks on what has been invented, discovered, and first performed during the last half century; and now that this almost more than mortal work has been accomplished what may we not expect to see even during the reasonable number of years that we hope to live. When the news first came here last Saturday some dozen men were in the clerk's office and, after the first shout of applause, I called for cheers for C. W. Field, the leading spirit of the enterprise, and the noble State that gave him birth. They were given with a hearty will. Someone inquired what state it was? I replied, 'The State that offered the first sacrifice of her sons in the Revolution now leads by her enterprise and devotion to this constant and powerful Union.' Quite glowing and patriotic, wasn't I? How lucky I was from Massachusetts!

Send up a shout from the hills of Cape Cod to the sands of Berkshire!"

August 15. Sunday. "Hot, hot, melting! I started for church, down to the door. Sun struck me and I fell back upstairs here. Tried to read—couldn't, wanted to sleep, but wouldn't. Bethought me of my journal which I started with such flourish a month ago. What I intended to write,—weak, but let it go; I am too lazy and listless to change it. What weakly mortals we are! I am peculiarly so. How can you keep a daily journal? I couldn't my weekly one; to you is my nearest approach to it. I hardly know how I came to that, do you? I think it was a gradual shortening up of the time. But now what? Didn't start a word Friday or Saturday. At District Court and Clerk's office every and all day since, where I shall be a part or all of this week. The clerk is good looking, a good fellow, as good a friend as I have in M., and thereby hangs a tale. When I first knew him I judged by conversation that he was engaged east. Last spring, a year ago, he suddenly went east and came back alone; has grown old fast since. One side of his beard is grey, and I have thought from several indications that 'There was something rotten in Denmark.' Yesterday, while we sat entering up judgments and issuing attachments I hummed a few strains of 'Blanch Alpin.' He stopped and said, 'Sing that again, won't you? Sing it all.' I could only remember one verse. He said, 'I heard that sung sweetly a year ago.' I remarked that I did by a friend in the east. He replied, 'I had a friend east when I came out,' and he was going on when we were interrupted by persons coming in on business. He has promised me the story and I am assured it is a tragic one. You shall have it when I get it.

“Friday evening S. C. and I called on friends, and last night we walked down to our favorite dreaming place on the Suspension Bridge. . . .”

Thursday, 9:00 o'clock P. M. “Yesterday warm and I was stupid. Read the newspapers and wrote several letters of business. I also read the 8th chapter of Romans; *all good*, but from the 24th verse, ‘For we are saved,’ etc., to the 29th inclusive, I think is admirable, but the 29th and 30th neither you nor I nor anyone else in this world knows what Paul means; the three closing verses are beautiful and impressive. I am glad indeed if you are getting some correct and impartial information touching this ‘Land of the Dakotas.’ Who was the missionary? I may know him. Attended to the wants of a couple of destitute lumbermen that were bound to see someone or fight. Day ended with a tremendous thunder-shower. We are having rain enough to deluge an ordinary sized world; hardly a day for two weeks without more or less. Tonight I am weary. I have been assisting the Clerk of the District Court all day, and a busy one we have had. He is a capital fellow, H. A. Partridge, a Vermonter, and one of the first acquaintances I made here. I shall be with him at the courthouse all day tomorrow.

“I am reading Butler’s ‘Hudibras.’ You know something of it, don’t you? Often quoted, but not so often used for general reading; so keen and subtle in its wit, so stinging in its sarcasm, and at times outrageously indecent. Don’t ever inquire for it, but if you should see it on anyone’s table or in anyone’s library look at it; ’twon’t harm you. So you are reading Cowper! Gentle, tea-drinking Cowper, quite unlike Butler; not a better man, I think, but he certainly wrote to a better purpose. How singular that some men have lived and written and left themselves and all their

strong individuality and their life thoughts in their writings, while others have written like angels and lived either like dogs or devils. Of the latter, Goldsmith was one, but Poe, the most remarkable in that he left us verse chaste and beautiful, while he lived almost below the pity of his early friends. Candle out! Good night."

August 19. "The Clerk of the Court goes on a visit to Wisconsin for a week or more and will leave me alone. We send tomorrow for a deputy commissioner for me from the judge of this district to act as clerk during his absence. Last eve called up at M's. Had a long talk. I spoke of a divorce case that came to the office yesterday, and of the ease and frequency of divorces. M. was quite interested much to her husband's amusement and mine. M. thought I ought to tell you about it, so I will. I give you the words of the statute so you will not be like necessity, for 'necessity knows no law.' You will know part of one. I haven't the statute by me, but after specifying the graver causes for divorce it gradually softens down to—'A quarrelsome disposition, incompatibility of temper, or any other good and sufficient cause or reason.' Rather dangerous, isn't it, living in such a state? But honestly, I think it restrains ill-tempered people and makes families and households better natured; but you won't think so, I know. I am not very firm. It is an exceedingly difficult relation to regulate by law so that parties really injured can find redress, and not have the dishonest, designing abuse of the letter of the law."

August 30. Monday. "The earth never smiled with a fairer mein than this. The boy has just sprinkled, swept, and dusted the office with unusual neatness. The doctor handed me a fresh bouquet for our long table as I came past his garden. I have opened the windows wide for the fresh

morning air as it comes up from the prairie fragrant with the odors of the growing corn and August flowers, and freshened by the heavy dews. I feel well. I feel grateful for all these surroundings, and full of gratitude that I have so much, so many enjoyments. . . .

"Saturday was a great day in town. In the morning a young fellow,—an attache of the Minneapolis Gazette, horsewhipped a trader. Both were from Pennsylvania, both generally disliked, snobbish, selfish, conceited fellows, and both great cowards. F. went into G.'s store, struck one blow and ran across the street when he saw one of G.'s clerks coming towards him. And there they stood; F. in the door of the printing office, and G. in his store door across the way, making wry faces and gesticulating at each other, like a pair of quarrelsome hens. There is great laughter over town at the accounts of eye witnesses. Some woman grief at the bottom of it, so the evening News says."

"Just after dinner, as S. C. tells me, he heard a great commotion down-street: went out and found that a man named A. went to take possession of a lot of lumber, when another man named B. came on and threatened him and warned him off. A. did not go, but kept on about his business. He was marking his lumber shed with a small pail of black paint. B. grew desperate, threw sticks and stones. A. dodged them and kept quietly working. B., down-right mad, made a rush with a slab at A., who dexterously evaded the slab and threw his pail of black paint plumb into B.'s face and breast, and mounted the pile of shingles. Tableau: A. on the lumber pile with empty paint bucket, B. sputtering, spitting, winking and blowing in the blackness and darkness below, scratching and scraping at the paint that lay thick and tenacious over his face, in his eyes and ears, and gathered in sticky pools in his bosom, to run down his exasperated legs. A., meanwhile, sitting down

cool on his secure elevation, while B. went groping around the pile calling him. Quite a crowd collected and someone pointed out the retreat of old man A. Then there was a scramble. Away went A., down towards the river, and away went B. with his ebony front. Then was enacted the tragedy of 'Johnny Sands,' A. ran as if he was going on the Suspension Bridge. As B. came up gradually on him, just in the nick of time, he turned, bent over, and threw B. plumb over him into the river, down the bank some twelve feet. Bawling, splashing, and floundering, away he went down the river, but caught on a raft a little below the bridge and crawled out a cleaner and better man.

"And to close the day, we had an elopement. Annie B., a very pretty miss of seventeen, just back from an eastern boarding school, against the wishes of her parents married T. H., a man of moderate ability, lazy, supported by his friends who are wealthy, and who has been drunk at least half the time for the last three years. He has made some excellent promises, and she will be very happy for a few months, and I hope for years, but those who know him best, pity Annie. And I can certainly sympathize with her parents, fine, elderly people, who are almost crazy. So much for Saturday.

Tuesday, P. M. "For a wonder no one in, either on business or hangers-on who come in to talk and loll in our easy chairs and pleasant room just when I don't want them. . . . Partridge gone to St. Paul. Here I have been interrupted again for two mortal hours, first by a drone, then by a St. Paul lawyer who didn't know how to tax a bill of costs which you may understand to indicate great stupidity and unpardonable ignorance. . . .

"I have an engagement for the evening hours; invited out to sing and eat muskmelons. Ah, delectable me! Don't

you like them? Splendid; and such melons as we grow in this country! I finish this before I go to tea—rather a long parenthesis, but you can take time and find the connection if you can't discover the sense. I write very fast and seldom read my letters over. Such a splendid bouquet as the doctor brought in this morning!"

October 15. "It has been an odd day; very dark, clouds running strangely low; as warm as June; hot wind and a tumultuous, weird looking sky, and this P. M. since 3 o'clock, a violent thunder shower,—odd for the middle of October! Came up from the Bushnell House to brother A.'s, and as it rained so hard did not go up to the office, but spent the evening pleasantly here, talking, singing, etc.

"The days since my last have been eventless with me save the visit of the Milwaukee guards from that city to this place. A splendid looking company and an excellent band of music, and as their martial strains come up from the bridge and echoed along the streets and their muskets flashed in the last rays of yesterday's sun we all stepped quicker and felt better for the sights and sounds of the closing week. The whole Republican ticket is elected in the county and we have a large gain in the legislature. Tell your father."

October 19. "S. C. and I joined the Good Templars and we hope to take in with us two young men who need some restraint. They never drank before last winter, but their bad luck in business and want of success drove them to it. A foolish reason! Excellent men, but for that. . . .

"The flowers in doctor's garden have gone out. People are preparing for snow and ice. . . . Good night."

October 21. Wednesday morning. "Bright and glorious. Our gorgeous Indian summer has come with its exhilarating atmosphere, clear sky, and . . . I can't make

my eastern crusade this autumn. . . . No, not months for letters to pass the winter barrier. Last winter it only took ten days, and it can't require a longer time this year, I'm sure."

October 24. "We have been flooded every other night for the past ten with political speaking—meetings and caucuses, and we shall do little but think and act politics for the present. May heaven aid us at the ballot box to establish correct laws and elect the right kind of men to administer them. Last Wednesday evening the Congregational sociables were reorganized for the season. Very pleasant interview; about fifty present. The other societies will open soon and we shall have some kind of sociable nearly every night in the week. Nothing new in town last week save a marriage or two, but no death. Indeed, it is a singular fact that, though a town of 3,000 population, we have no cemetery—no place to bury the dead. I have seen but two or three graves (in private grounds) since I came here. This fact and another one often remarked upon, that no M. D. can be supported exclusively by his practice, tells the whole story of our growth and healthy climate."

October 27. "As I came slowly up the gentle rise towards the Courthouse I looked westward where the full moon was struggling up through the gathering clouds. . . . There was one thing you could not see. Way off westward towards the Big Woods there was a bright glare of fire reflected on the sky, reaching half-way to the zenith. The woods are on fire in the western part of the county fifteen or twenty miles away. Then down the river seven or eight miles the prairie was on fire; a spectacle unsurpassed when you are fortunate enough to be near and see the leaping flames. There is a small strip of woods that hides the full flames, but the long, rolling, streaming, illumi-

nated folds of smoke, and the flashing golden glow of the clouds tell me that the old Fort Reservation is on fire. The Reservation is the only unbroken prairie within many miles. Most of it is fenced and cut up into farms but the flames can run riot over eight thousand acres. What happened last week? Some calls, a sing and an ordinary week beside till Saturday night,—odd enough,—when Dr. Ames (you know him,—lives near here and has the flower garden), gave a large party. Nearly 300 people were present, and as pleasant an occasion as you can imagine at so large a party. He has a house as large as Colonel Walters' nearly, but 'twas full, and with the balloon skirt and the late bustle extension you may be assured that it required skillful navigation to avoid breakers and shoals. No entertainment but singing and conversation; a wise arrangement for such a crowd, but the moment we attempted to sing they would crowd into a room so thick that we would stifle in ten minutes, and bolt for another part of the house."

October 29. "Do you wish to know more of that party? If I was a lady I might entertain you by telling of the dress, looks, style, etc., of the company, but I should talk about as intelligently of a lady's dress and fixings as a Hottentot would of fine art. The company was mixed; embracing all goods of quality and pretensions. Some few were well dressed; many dressed too much, and a few ladies not quite enough to answer the requirements of law and civilization. The two Misses H. from York state, visiting only a few steps from the Courthouse, sang very well. They were dressy, flashy, fine-looking, knew it and improve it. Mr. P. and I see them half a dozen times a day. They leave soon but they have done a crushing business among hearts here. Some half a dozen fellows up-town are ready to die, fight or run for them. P. and I have been able to keep quite

cool (with a little effort); considering our nearness it is almost wonderful that we have escaped unscathed when so many have fallen at a greater distance."

"Tuesday was our day for electing our County officers and legislature. I inclose Republican ticket for this County. We think the Register of Deeds is elected. I tell you we have some splendid Republican men in this town and county. 'Tis some pleasure to meet and work with them. W. D. Washburn, in the ticket, is a younger brother of the Congressional Washburn. You remember my speaking of him when I came up the river last spring?

"We are to have a musical convention here next week which I will write of in my next."

November 18. "While I board so near the Courthouse I come directly back after dinner and have a half hour to see people, and chat with them from all parts of the County. I enjoy this little chance of getting acquainted with my fellow-citizens. I have—Here the Judge came in; court convened, I impanelled a jury, engaged Will Cornell to act in my stead, and I have been up to the Hall all the afternoon, rehearsing for tomorrow evening. 'Tis 7:00 o'clock, now. Court still in session. The case that has been on all day is State of Minnesota versus W. T. Hawkins. Hawkins is deputy sheriff of the County. A New Hampshire boy, capable but not honest. The Grand Jury found an indictment against him for taking illegal fees. He is a Republican but no one has any sympathy for him for he is unprincipled. This is the fourth week of the session and the Judge is bound to get through this week, if possible, so there has been a continuous session since 1 o'clock P. M. D. A. Seccombe, Attorney for Defendant, has just concluded his address to the Jury and Jos. R. Lawrence, the state attorney, is warming up in his closing plea. Seccombe

is a bitter, personal enemy of Lawrence and it gives spice to the transaction.

Wednesday morning. . . . " 'Tis cloudy but we all hope it won't rain tonight. We are ready and want a fair night, both for our personal selves and for the church that is to be materially benefited. The Jury in that Hawkins' case I spoke of yesterday, retired this forenoon at 10 o'clock. Haven't agreed and I think won't, and so the fellow will get off as he always has. Seccombe has just come and sat down beside me and whispered his belief that the Jury can't and won't agree and that his client will get off, as he expressed it, 'Badly singed and scorched but not positively burnt.' We have had one trial for murder—occupied four days—verdict, insane, and everyone is convinced he was a monomaniac. For nearly a year he had imagined that the man that he killed came to his home every night and followed him through the country wherever he went, to howl and hoot, 'Fire,' play on a discordant fiddle and other noises indescribable by him; that wherever he slept and spent the night, these noises followed and disturbed him. It seems he went to the man several times and told him of this and besought him to desist, and threatened him if he didn't. The man, Briggs, laughed about it and sent him away. But at last Moore said he could endure it no longer and, as he says, after being kept awake all night, and nearly crazed by Briggs' infernal noise, he loaded a new pistol he had bought and went up to Briggs' house early one morning last September, walked into his kitchen as he was sitting down to his breakfast, and, telling him he could not stand his howling any longer, and that he had come to shoot him, fired and shot him through the body. Moore went down three miles to the town of Greenwood and delivered himself up. Briggs died the next day. Moore wrote to two broth-

ers of his in Pennsylvania and they came out. They were fine appearing men and their bearing and feelings commanded much respect. They said they should rather have taken him home in a coffin than as they did—a homicidal monomaniac. Judge comes in—Jury is all discharged this afternoon. Verdict of 'Not Guilty' in Hawkins' case—he ought to have been sentenced.

"Dusk now. They have brought in the lights. Been up to rehearse an hour. Won't rain. May not write tomorrow as we have no Court and 'tis Thanksgiving."

December 5, Monday night. "Lodge meeting of Good Templars. We have now more than 150 members—much good thereby. The Hutchinsons sang the same evening. Heard last half—delicious harmony. Sweet singers. Tuesday, lecture by C. G. Ames. Good as he always is; graphic, pungent, pertinent. We can all remember what he told and what he said and that is compliment enough in these days of empty talk, smooth rhetoric, and harmonious sentences. He reminds one of Beecher, only he has about two-thirds as much fire and brain—quite like him, only a smaller pattern."

Wednesday night. "Snowed all the day long and a real, quiet New England snowstorm it was,—a pleasant, old schoolboy luxury to be out in it. In the evening Baptist sociable at Dr. Keith's. S. C. and I went by invitation, as we do to all the others. Left at half-past nine for Colonel Aldrich's to a surprise party; about one hundred present; rather a bouncing time but we enjoyed it quite well after the crowd left. Some twenty of us sat up about the piano and had good, stirring, old tunes. Closed with 'Old Acquaintance' and left for a merry ride home."

Thursday. "First day of good sleighing. Cutters out and bells so merry. Streets full through the day. Spent

the evening at home, reading my Tribune. I give part or the whole of one evening a week to that; 'tis my,—well, 'tis next to my weekly B. B.'s”

December 11. Sabbath evening. “Did I tell you the Congregationalists are building a church? Rather small but tasty. The quartet talk of giving a concert to furnish the orchestra and pulpit, the former only large enough for an instrument and quartet; quite exclusive, aren't we? Parties and sociables are reviving as the evenings lengthen. Saturday night I attended a concert of the Baker family,—tolerable; excellent bass, the other not remarkable. You see we have had concerting in abundance lately: three in the same Hall within two weeks; neither of them took less than \$40. We are a musical people here.”

December 18. “This morning we have met for the last time in the Hall to worship. Next Sabbath we occupy the new church,—not large but very pretty. It has been projected and built within the last six weeks. 'Twill not be dedicated until the 22nd, and as they call it the Plymouth Congregational Church, that day seems best for dedication. Mr. McCloud's Thanksgiving sermon is printed. I send you one that you may know what kind of ministers we have in this remote land. Next Wednesday evening there is a meeting called for New Englanders to see about a supper like that of last year. You remember the account that was in the paper sent? I hope they will have one; I shall attend. As F. does not care to go, I would like to ask M. to accompany me, but I don't think that F. could breathe without aid if I should. Heaven preserve me from such an uncomfortable omnipresence with anyone I may marry. As they had the supper last year this side the river 'twill probably be at the Winslow house on the other side this year. And I hope it will, for they have room for both towns, and

you know it is extremely important that one has elbow room at an anniversary supper when you have not only your own appetite to satisfy but eat commemorative turkey and complimentary pies to all of your ancestors.

"You're entirely correct in thinking young theologians unfit for ministry out west. I intended by 'young ministers' modern preachers, fresh, liberal, warm-hearted, practical men of experience and judgment and brains. I wish some of the theological sprigs, spiritual sprouts near you would come out here. We have so many broken-down pulpit nags—old staggers, fellows unfit for the East but will do, as they say, for the West. Great mistake as they, poor men, find after hunting up and down for months for an opening and listening for a call till the force of circumstances forces them down to their proper level. We want 5,000 young ministers, generous, large-hearted men, Christians, to preach Christianity and not theology. Come now, you have an excellent field. Beat up for them."

January 3, 1858. "New Year's several of us made calls. Commenced about 11:00 o'clock and by dusk we had made twenty calls. Refreshments at every place but one; nearly sick the next day; such eating and such general jollity, great amount of fun and enjoyment. I inclose a card of our quartet I happened to have in my pocket. It is soiled but bears the arms of the quartet. We are rehearsing again for another concert to pay off the debt we incurred on our orchestra.

"Shall I tell you how the weeks go with us? Take the opening week as an illustration—the evenings. Monday,—Good Templars, must go. Tuesday,—Lyceum lecture and our Reading Club,—attend the last. Wednesday,—The F. W. Baptist Festival where I was asked to make a few remarks. Thursday I hope to have to myself. Friday,—

invited over the river. Saturday,—rehearsal,—and so it is. . . . I suppose some reflections on the New Year and flight of time would be in place here but I'm not in the mood. Rev. Mr. Hunt, you spoke of, was up at our church dedication; made a beautiful address and a most favorable impression. I should have made his acquaintance, but it was the 22nd, I was engaged every moment, and thought I should meet him at the supper, but he didn't go over."

January 18. "The Congregational choir gave their second concert. We had an overflowing house and paid up all the debt we had incurred to fit up the orchestra. For the month past we have not had snow enough for sleighing, but last Thursday night it came—a splendid snow of eight inches—and every day since has been clear and bright, and the sleighs are out merry with bells and bright with speed and merry faces. As court meets tomorrow, we have been busy preparing during the past week. But I attended the Reading Circle Tuesday evening. They read Longfellow's 'Courtship of Miles Standish.' Do you like it? I dislike hexameter but have the highest admiration for Longfellow and 'the fighting Captain of Plymouth.' You remember I referred to him in my New England supper effort. . . . S. C., my excellent good brother, sits across the table and sends his love to you, and it is not *every* woman that deserves his love."

February 2. "Court room—6:00 o'clock P. M. The term is now fairly under way and promises to hold at least a month. Mr. P. and I have divided our duties and I am enjoying myself well. The Council are closing their pleas in a case that has been on all day. A doctor sues the County for making a post mortem examination; nothing of particular interest only the attorney for the County is Winthrop, a Boston boy, and our sympathies are with him.

Yesterday we were greatly amused by a Dutch witness who pretended not to speak English, and, after much waiting and vexation, an interpreter was procured. He proved a trump (if you understand that term). He soon provoked the witness, who, losing his temper and self-control, broke out in the most vigorous kind of English, abusing the Court, council and Judge, greatly to their astonishment and the entertainment of spectators.

"Baptist sociable tonight. I shan't go. I'm tired. I have some reading to do. Good night."

April 11, 1859. Auditor's Office, Courthouse.
"We have some Connecticut news today that next to letters I rejoice in. The St. Paul morning papers say, 'The Republicans have swept the state,—a string of Republican pearls,' etc., etc. Haven't you cheered a little, with a suitable Republican enthusiasm such as every woman should have? I only hope this first news is true. I wish at this point to express my entire disgust with the elements for the past ten days. Their conduct has been out of season, and out of place, and out of taste. They have been up to all sorts of irregularities and eccentricities to the infinite discontent of old settlers and fatal repulsion of new ones. I don't often speak on this subject, but the present case is one that has urged me out. I have been wholly absorbed with the duties of my new office since I came to it and think I shall like its duties. We read 'The Siege of Valencia' tonight at the Circle—I am 'Hernandes.' The sun is coming out—ominous, isn't it?"

May. "All the enjoyments that go to make up real true happiness are doubled by marriage. I do feel and believe that no source of pleasure before marriage should be checked or dried up by it; and certainly in so blessed, so divine, so christianizing an accomplishment as music. If we enjoy it now, how should we enjoy it when we have realized the highest hope we have on earth. Tonight our quartet meets."

Monday, May 30th. "I plan to leave here the last of the week, reaching Bristol on the evening of eighth or ninth of June."

Harlow A. Gale and Elizabeth C. Griggs were married June 13, 1859, in the church of her father, Leverett Griggs, D. D., in Bristol, Connecticut. Their wedding trip was a journey to Minneapolis, to the city that was to remain their life home.

Fades the rose; the year grows old;
The tale is told;
Youth doth depart—
Only stays the heart.

Ah, no; if stays the heart,
Youth can ne'er depart,
Nor the sweet tale be told—
Never the rose fade, nor the year grow old.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

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